

How Many Ways Can I Hold You at Night?

by The Bud

Category: X-Men
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-05-05 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-05-05 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:11:32
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 407
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Gambit drabble, hey, it's 2.30!

How Many Ways Can I Hold You at Night?

Disclaimer.

once again, I own nothing of the people used in the story and I ain't gettin

paid fer it ither.

Yer ol' pal,

The Bud.

How many ways can I hold you at night?

Dis place reeks. Here Ah am A' T'ree inda mornin in a bed Ah don' know justa fergetcha.

Rouge, ya stole muh heart and left muh soul to smolder to ashes from yoa hot fire.

Ah know Ah can't getcha back, so Ahm down in did bayou t' ferget mah troubles.

Wolvie thought it best me, Jeannie and himself take a break down hea.

I seen de way he look sideways at her, hell, Ah have muself, But den Ah

tink o you. Ol' Cyke been dead a year so whatever they doin' righ' now, dats dere

biznit. I just wanna be wit you, not dis twenty dollor woman beside me. Ah don wanna

tink about you wi' Petey. Nor his hands gracin you. Ah leave dis room
foa she wakes an head t'

da hotel room we all sharin' to try to an wash the mingled smells of
Sex, sweat, latex an

cheap perfume b'fore I wake Logan an Jeannie. Merdi! She is such a
fine woman!

Cyke was a fool to risk himself and leave her. But, Ah had de real
prize. Ah had you.

An inda same kinda way, Ah let you go. Ah stood watching Jeannie
sleep when Ah got back,

she don' sleep in much an Ah am a weak man, but all Ah see is you.
Dat Wolvie's sleepin onda

couch an snoring like a lumberjack's saw on steroids. So Ah don worry
about de noise of de shower.

Luisianna is mah home, Ah usta love it here, but Ah don' love nowhere
wi'ou you. Ah leave today,

Left a note on Wolvie's beercan, so de won' worry, but even though I
can't life wicta, I can't

really life wi'ouca, understand no? "plus ce change plus ce me me
chose" mon cour batat la chamande

ma petiete joli belle. Tu me vive. and I will have you again.
Everybody deserve a second chance at love.

You were muh second chance and muh only choice. And you gave yourself
away and left me with tied hands and

a bruised body. But still I want no other. A bein tot, Rouge. Ah come
to see you again.

End
file.